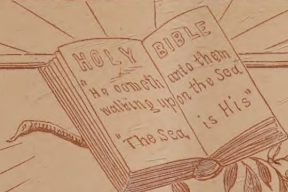
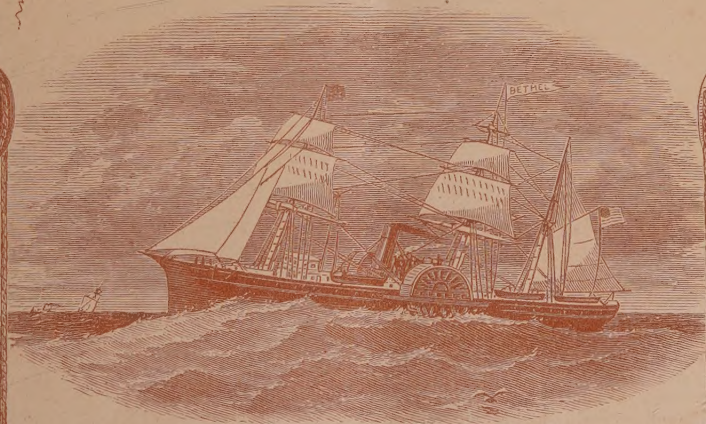


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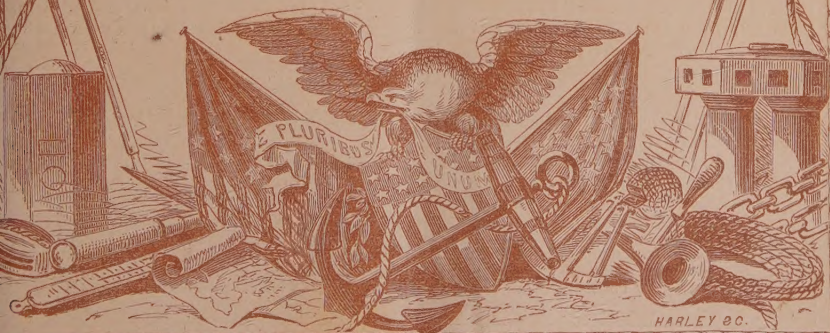


THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE — and — SEAMEN'S FRIEND



NOVEMBER, 1869.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year invariably in advance. To any one who will send us \$5 for five subscribers, a sixth copy will be sent gratis. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, *twelve cents a year.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundreded.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$15, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a REGISTERED letter.* The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



Vol. 41.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

No. 11.

THE SEAMAN'S BOARDING HOUSE.

With some slight changes the following description of Sailor-Boarding-Houses in London and other English seaports, written by a Sailor-missionary, would answer to describe the Sailor-Boarding-Houses in this country. We reprint it, that our readers may see the importance of a well-regulated Sailors' Home in every port, like the Society's Sailors' Home 190 Cherry Street New York, at present under the superintendency of Mr. Frederick Alexander. This institution has probably done as much for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Sailor, as any other local agency at work in his interest in this city. The Home has been in operation twenty-seven years. The whole number of boarders has been nearly seventy-five thousand. Many have been converted there, while it has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000; a sum almost twice as large as the whole amount receiv-

ed into the Society's treasury during that time for all its operations. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered at the Home cannot be estimated.

"BOARD AND LODGINGS FOR SEAMEN."

A sign painted in different languages which meets our gaze at every turn as we pass along the busy streets approaching the quay sides of our seaport towns, has many attractions for the sailor after a lengthened cruise and a dreary life on ship-board. In his search for lodgings, the first feeling of freedom from the confinement of his floating prison makes him rash in his selection, so the sign-board and the red-curtained windows of the taproom and parlor of the Boarding-house do their work. There is a show of hospitality, a surface appearance of comfort, a Liberty Hall look about the place which carry their recommendation to him and promise present gratification. Many persons believe that you can judge of the character and tastes of men from the pictures and ornaments of

the houses which they inhabit or frequent. To gratify our curiosity and learn a lesson, we will step into the red-curtained parlor. Upon the walls are some prints representing battles by land and flood—highly colored, gilt enclosed pictures, displaying the charms of “Black eyed Susan,” and “the girl that loves a sailor;” while hung in a conspicuous place are the portraits of two beauties brought from the shores of the Mediterranean, curiously wrought with silver and gold tinsel. In the corners are some Russian trophies, a shark’s jaws, and a couple of sword fish; upon the mantel-piece are rare shells from India, curious boxes and ivory temples from China, beaded slippers and hubble-bubbles from Constantinople. Many of the pictures and all of the ornaments have come from foreign countries. The Sailor regularly freights his chest with presents meant for his brothers, sisters, or intended wife, but he is a clever blockade runner if he can prevent their being intercepted in their transit; for the admiration which the “Missus” of the house bestows upon them generally secures the lion’s share for herself and children. Even the mat upon which we tread on entering bears evident signs of having been worked in a ship’s fore-castle, perhaps for some cottage home; and the model, rigged and painted man-of-war fashion, which occupies the place of state upon the cheffonier is claimed by the son and heir of the house, but it was promised to another chubby little boy, living in some village a hundred miles away.

Although the houses which display notices that sailors are therein entertained, generally are not of the cleanest or most pleasantly situate, it appears of small moment to one who has just finished his voyage. If he did not go aft to the captain with a complaint that the fore-castle was leaky and smoky, but lived in it for twelve months, then surely he is not a likely person to find fault with the house where he may remain perhaps only twelve days; and if twenty men and boys could board and lodge in

the confined space he has just quit-
ted, he will not grumble suppose he be put into a five double-bedded room of the Boarding-house which at night is pointed out to him as his sleeping apartment. He will have plenty to eat, and at any hour of the day he may “raise his spirits up by pouring spirits down.”

The class, Boarding-master, in England is formed from different nations, but the Norwegian, German, and Englishman predominate. Those who follow the business are or were of various trades, but sailors who think that a more lucrative employment may be found on shore through pandering to the tastes of the men with whom they have lived on board ship, are by far the most numerous. It is true that many a good trait may be observed in the characters of some of these men, but it cannot be denied that if they are inclined to do what is right, their calling is one which does not enable them to cultivate the softer virtues. To act the part of the honest Boarding-master is a difficult task.

A motley crew are the boarders. Among them you will find the sickly Scotch lad, new from the crowded town, who has tramped from home in search of a ship, that he may go to sea, there to be killed or cured at the smallest expense. The stolid Dutchman, who is always “playing upon a pipe”—(a tobacco one). The coffee-loving Prussian who seems to wish breakfast would come every hour of the day, that he may enjoy his favorite beverage. The Scandinavian who has a preference for everything English, especially English ships, and English beer. The Frenchman who scrupulously eschews “raw” water unless it be raw *eau-de-vie*. And the trio composed of the merry negro, the “calculating” American, and the thoughtless Briton, who when “the moon is up, and men abed,” aided by a tuneless concertina with their “discord—(harmony not understood by the other boarders)—murder sleep.” Almost any night between 8 and 12 o’clock that you choose to stand beside the lowest of the Boarding-houses, through the

partly open window you will distinguish the sound of scraping fiddles, shuffling feet, jingling glasses, and the loud laughter of men and women. The sailor throws all his soul and body into his amusements. He is obliged to take them in a hurry, for that man who has for a few minutes left the crowded room to cool himself in the doorway, where he stands looking into the darkness, will to-morrow from his vessel's deck be peering into the blacker night, as keeping his watch he is on the look-out for far different objects. His purse which a short time ago was at high water mark, is now at low, and since his money is spent he must clear out, for by the Boarding-master the sailor is treated purely upon Horace's "*Tanti quantum habeas sis*" principle. If you are in the vicinity of the docks on the morrow you will see two men, one with a sea stock of pipes in his hand, and a bottle of spirits looking out from one of his pockets. He is your acquaintance of the previous night, whom you saw in the doorway. Ill in body, unhappy in mind, with steps melancholy, slow, and unsteady—an unsteadiness which is more than the characteristic rolling gait of the sailor. He with his companion, who is the Boarding-master, approaches the steps, and puts off in the boat to his ship, and the two will not part company until the vessel sails, for as the host has cashed his guest's advance note, he does not lose sight of him for an hour.

Of those who lodge at the Seaman's boarding-house, a few have been at home among their friends, and have come to a sea-port to ship upon another voyage; but most of the boarders have remained in this place since they came off their last trip. Nomadic being that the sailor is, traveling for months at a time "the houseless ocean's heaving field," do not let us blame him too rashly for his neglect of home. This southerner lounging beside the Boarding-house, to whom we give our Testament, once had a home, but through the war he lost everything, and is now a wanderer. Those continental sail-

ors, who listen to what we have to say to them with such attention, are afraid to visit their place of birth, because of conscription into the army, or the years of enforced service in the navy, and our countryman, who is more accustomed to handling a marling-spike than a pen, was never a very regular correspondent, and after awhile writing became irksome. His friends got all his letters, but often, from the short stay of his ship in port he did not receive their's. Not unwilling to have an excuse for discontinuing a distasteful task, he ceased writing, and at the times when the home feeling has come back, how did he know but that if he returned to his native hamlet, he should be like a Rip Van Winkle, or an Enoch Arden, going among strangers, his friends dead, himself forgotten. It was a picture of the home in the far off time he left as a boy, which was before him, as on that bright summer's evening, three months ago, with anchor weighed, the crew gathered on the top-gallant forecastle, and sung so cheerily, "We are homeward bound," which determined him once more to seek the old homestead. Since then his vessel has reached her home port, and is safely moored. Several of those singers are comfortably housed in the Sailor's Home, awaiting their discharge, when they will depart by the first train or steamer for another and dearer home—dearer because it is the place "from whence they drew their birth." But our friend has fallen into the hands of the crimps, who kindly carry his bag and chest on shore, and now he is sitting before the cheerful fire, into which he gazes intently, as he indulges in the luxury of a long pipe, filled with some of his favorite caven-dish saved from his last month's pound, and is thinking what he will do when he gets those portraits of Her Majesty, executed in gold, for which he has worked so hard. Presently the furious puffing ceases, and the pipe hangs unused in his listless hand, and the smoke cloud clearing away, you can read from the twitching of the lines of his weather-bea-

ten face, that his meditations are of a painful character. Listen! He is soliloquising—"Eight years since I saw the old woman; cast away; could'nt go home—no clothes—no money; on the gold coast; a trip to China—three years out there; paid off in London; got into Ratcliff highway; just a week on shore, and it was

"Rise up Jack, let John sit down,
For I see you're outward bound"

Rather a fool then, I've cut my wisdom teeth since. Well, I'm for home this time, whether or no." "Hollo, chum! What cheer? Are you talking in your sleep?" asks a new comer into the room, as he shakes him by the hand to congratulate him upon his safe arrival.

"Let's wet our clays; I'll stand treat;
'While there's grog boys never say die;'

We'll get water enough to drown all the spirits we take now, once we are clear of land again." A glass is called for, and, as our friend the American mate expressed it "I guess that when a man gets one glass of spirits he wants another to keep it company, but when the two come together they begin to quarrel, and a third glass has to be introduced to separate them, and I reckon that a third party in such a row only makes matters worse;" so before he has finished, the few glasses have mounted to his brain, and when, two days

afterwards, he receives his wages, (would that he had received them on the day of his arrival!) that picture of home, with its pleasant faces and welcoming voices, troubles no his fancy, and will never again be present until, with his stock of sea-clothes diminished, rather than increased, a new voyage has been commenced, and for a month, which seems the longest one of the year, he works out the advance which followed in the wake of the dearly earned money with which he was paid off when he got his discharge. "My voyages have been like dreams," says he. Terrible dreams! wherein he has seen many a noble ship, struggling like a living object, hurled on to the rocks—Neptune's "altars,"—with her shaking masts like trembling arms upraised in unheeded supplication to the roaring, shrieking, howling, destroying winds and waves; but not one of them so terrible as the ruin of both soul and body witnessed, and in which he suffered moral shipwreck, while his vessel was riding safely in harbor, and himself protected from the fury of the elements. O friend, we pity you, we will seek you, and tell you of a heavenly home, of a loving Father, and of a sympathizing elder Brother. Surely if any one needs a HOME—you do. Knowing but few of the comforts of an earthly one you may not be left in ignorance of the heavenly!

MR. HENRY MONOD.

HIS CONVERSION; HIS SUBSEQUENT ATTACHMENT TO OUR CAUSE, AND
LIFE-LONG CHRISTIAN USEFULNESS.

In a letter dated August 30th, the Society's Chaplain at Havre, France, the Rev. H. Rogers, says:

"We have recently sustained a great loss by the death of Monsieur Henri Monod, who has been a steady friend and attendant at our Bethel for many years. He seemed to be the connecting link between the French Protestants of the town and our cause. His truly christian

character, active zeal, and liberal spirit, often encouraged us in our work. *I believe our Society was instrumentally the means of his conversion*, many years before the Protestant interest was so developed in the town as it now is. His attachment has been constant and uniform to all the Chaplains who have successively occupied this station, and his example will be long and fondly remembered. He died in the calm and

peaceful realization of the consolations of the Gospel."

In reply to a note of inquiry, Rev. Dr. Sawtell, who was for so many years the Chaplain at Havre, writes as follows :

"In my many preaching tours through England, in conformity to your Society's injunctions, I was able, by God's help, to make many friends to the "Havre Mission" (as the English call it), *The Sailor's Cause and Chapel* established there by the American Seamen's Friend Society, for all sailors and residents who speak or understand the English language.

Among all the lady friends in England who aided this cause, none were more constant, zealous, and hearty in the work, than a Mrs. Gray, of Reading. Though a member of the Established Church, she was sure to be present at every appeal I made, if within her reach, and not only that, but she actually visited Havre, spent several weeks there, attended all the meetings at the Chapel, on the Sabbath and through the week, and busied herself in collecting all the facts that could have a bearing on the subject, or that could impress her friends in England with the importance of the Havre Mission, and their duty and obligations to bear some part in sustaining it.

It was on this visit that she made the acquaintance of Mr. Henri Monod, from whom she obtained information that so deeply interested her, that she begged him to give it her in writing, which he kindly consented to do, and wrote her a letter in which there occurs the following passage: "For nearly nineteen years (without however leaving my own church) I have attended as regularly as possible the American Chapel, endeared to me by the most sacred recollections of my life, as you will easily understand, when you know that its pastor was the blessed instrument in the Lord's hands of calling me from darkness to light."

Mr. Henri Monod was one of eight

brothers, all possessing talents of the highest order, and of such rare excellence of character as to place them in that class denominated by Dr. Cox, "THE LORD'S NOBLEMEN." All were liberally educated, and by their noble mother, taught the English language from very childhood. Mr. Henri Monod was one of the honorable and successful merchants of Havre. Very soon after my arrival in that port, in 1836, he became a constant and a very attentive listener to the preaching of the word. For some time previous to that, his mind had been in a very dark and gloomy state, and as he told me afterwards, "he was disposed to question and doubt almost everything, and actually found himself rapidly drifting into a kind of bewildered skepticism." It may be proper to say, however, that a year or more previous to this, the Lord had sorely afflicted him, in the loss of a beloved wife, the mother of his four darling children, and it is not too much to suppose that such a stunning blow upon a heart so sensitive, so kind and amiable, may have, in part at least, superinduced and intensified that peculiar state of mind, of which he complained, and to which he confessed. Be that as it may, no sooner had the Lord opened his heart to the truth, and he was made to feel and enjoy the fullness of Christ's love, than he opened his house to all who loved to pray, and like Cornelius, "called together his kinsmen and friends," that he might offer prayer, and expound to them the Scriptures. From that day onward he never ceased to be a warm and ardent friend, and a liberal supporter of the American Seamen's Chapel in Havre."

In speaking of his death, Dr. Sawtell adds, "Had he been my own brother I could not have loved him more, and all my family mourn his death as they would the loss of a near relative. Truly, the Seamen's Chapel at Havre has lost one of its main pillars, one of its truest friends. Well may Americans and American seamen weep and lament over such a loss. But if our loss be great and

hard to bear, what must be the loss to the family, the relatives, friends, to the citizens of Havre, yea, to the whole Protestant Church of France. On whom shall his mantle fall ? ”

The instance as thus given shows the range of influence exerted by the American Seamen's Friend Society, through its Chaplaincies and Missionaries in the most important ports of the world. Although it is but an incident in its work, we gratefully notice it, as a mark of the Divine approbation ; and trust that our friends and patrons will be encouraged by it to help us in our

world-embracing efforts to bring the sailor to Christ, since in so doing we are winning others also, who in their time became co-workers in the cause of God and humanity.

NOTE.—Four of the Monod brothers were eminent Protestant ministers of the Gospel. Two only are now living, one settled in Paris, the other in Marseilles. Adolph, who was long connected with the Theological Seminary at Montauban, was considered the most eloquent pulpit orator of his time in France. One of the other brothers is an eminent Physician in Paris. Another is a Lawyer in the same city, and still another is a Merchant in Havre. Frederick, who has been in this country, Adolph, and now Henri have passed away. The mother of these sons was a remarkable woman ; of fine person, stout and hale, she walked to the chapel to the last of her days, rejoicing and praising God for what He had done for her family.

UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

An interesting exhibition is about to open in the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall, in London. The numerous collections of the Palestine Exploration in and about Jerusalem, with various antique relics from other parts of the Holy Land, brought home by Mr. McGregor, the gentleman who made the recent remarkable voyage in the canoe Rob Roy upon the waters of Syria and Palestine, have been arranged for general inspection, with a series of nearly three hundred and fifty photographic views, taken in all parts of the country. The *London Telegraph* says :

“Lieutenant Warren, as is well known, has been industriously uncovering the very roots of the ancient city in the service of the Palestine Exploration Society. His subterranean labors have revealed what may be called stratified Jewish history. He has gone down ninety feet in one spot ; and, at the corner of the Haram especially, at the depth of eighty feet, he has disclosed the foundation stones of the old Temple, standing upon the living rock, besides chambers, walls, aqueducts, cisterns,

and arches, which begin, after incredible toil, to arrange themselves into an intelligible plan, revealing to us the real Jerusalem of the past. Those excavations have carried back research, indeed, to the days preceding Solomon ; for in one spot a water-course of masonry has been found passing under the temple wall itself, and there are relics in this exhibition which come from that very place. The bottom of the Birket Israil, or Pool of Bethesda, also contributes to the collection, as well as the wall of Ophel and the Tyropœum Valley ; and at the foot of the south-east angle of the Great Rampart, which now sustains the mosques of Omar and Aksa, have been unveiled stones bearing letters incised with a chisel or painted in red. These have been studied by Mr. Deutsch, and declared to be construction marks of the Phœnician masons who built the Temple. The *fac-similes* of them thus far brought home are very much like the first attempt of a small boy to make figures upon his slate ; but they are assuredly of immense antiquity, and no doubt they represent, as is stated, the actual memo-

randas of the stone-layers of Tyre and Sidon, 'who took the contract' from Solomon, the king, to build his Temple. From similar mines of archaeological wealth Lieutenant Warren sends us in this exhibition the various finds hitherto exhumed.

"The treasure-trove is, of course, of different epochs, and very varying importance. There is a square brick from beneath the Hill of Ophel, which is kilnbaked, and comes from the city as it existed at and before the time of Christ. By the side of that relic are deposited three or four balista balls, roughly chipped out of stone, and weighing from five to fifteen pounds, which were found in the debris of the Tyropœum, and most probably were flung into the city by the besieging army of Titus. Readers of Josephus will recollect how watchmen upon the walls of Jerusalem used to look out for those stone shots and cry, 'The white bolt cometh.' Here they are just as the *balistarii* discharged them; and, although nothing when compared with an Armstrong shell, they must have been awkward things to encounter.

"A fragment of mortar and concrete from the bottom of the Pool of Bethesda, shows that the water was artificially contained in that receptacle, if, indeed, the *Birket Israil* be the same. A specimen of pottery from the Cave of Adullam takes us away from Jerusalem, and suggests thoughts at once modern and political; yet, in truth, Saul may himself have used the broken pipkin.

"Lieutenant Warren and his party send us from the vaults below the area of the Great Mosque, some fragments of pitchers and cups which are thought to be true Phœnician. They are singularly like the ceramic ware of the Kabyles in Algeria as regards color and ornamentation, but the reds and yellows upon them are the natural earth-dyes of all potters, and the lozenge patterns those also which are the easiest to make. None of the articles are perfect enough to allow of a judgment from their shape,

which is a surer guide than color or pattern in ancient earthenware. Along with these, however, are some very pretty and neatly finished *lecythi* of an unique form, which, although very simple, are perfectly true in design, and are rendered positively elegant by their correct shape.

"There is an especially striking roundbellied vessel from 'Robinson's Arch,' discovered at seventy-two feet below the surface, of dark red clay, and almost as thin as biscuit china. It may have held the 'fine flour mingled with oil,' or the 'drink offering of wine, the fourth part of a bin,' presented when 'Kore, the son of Imnah the Levite, was porter toward the East, over the precious offerings,' in the reign of Hezekiah. With these are mingled some curious little jars of a more primitive type—believed to be Sidonian—though, as they are of exactly the same shade of color, and made apparently of the same clay, they may, as likely as not, have been Jewish vessels to contain oil or essences in religious or domestic use.

"Under Mount Sion have been found spindle-shaped vessels, small, and possessing the character of 'lachrymatories.' Those remains are very puzzling. Among the most ancient of the number may be noticed a saucer-shaped piece, of good manufacture and perfect glaze, which exactly resembles the articles made in the Punjab to hold camels' milk cheese, it may very well be, for aught we know, the identical 'lordly dish' in which Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, brought butter to Sisera—preserved in the Temple—or one of the 'empties' not returned to the Queen of Sheba, after her celebrated visit, with so many presents, to the spot which is here for the first time laid bare after four thousand years.

"These objects, at once so old and new, are to be supplemented, by-and-bye, with a collection of specimens from Mount Sinai, and some additional articles of interest from the same sources contributed by Sir Henry James."

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

If there is one spot of earth in which all who speak the English tongue may be said to take a common interest it is the island of Juan Fernandez. The favorite tale of nearly every childhood is by most of us remembered through life with grateful affection, and the scene of its marvelous incidents shares in our regard. It may be true that the proper Robinson Crusoe's Island was not off the coast of Chili at all, but in the mouth of the Orinoco; and it may also be true that the continent should be called Columbia and not America but habit has endeared in both cases the existing usage so that imagination takes the precedence of what is or ought to be fact, and the continent will be America and Juan Fernandez Robinson Crusoe's Island until the end of the chapter.

As most readers are aware, this corner of the earth is in latitude 33° 40' S., about 400 miles off the coast of Chili, and is about the size of Staten Island. It is however, far more ruggedly picturesque than that beautiful suburb, and boasts one mountain, Yungue, that towers 4,000 feet above the sea. Around it grow in luxuriant abundance various grains, peaches, figs and other fruits, together with the sandal-wood tree and the cork; and among these disport themselves—or did a few years ago—many wild goats, and not a few wild horses. Excellent fish are abundant there, and, with the sweetest of water and a delicious climate, a lovelier spot can hardly be imagined. So thought the early buccaneers who made it a resort for many a day, and so thought afterward American and English whalers who touched there for supplies. For some years the Chilean government disturbed the solitude of the place by making it a penal colony; but the convicts rose in revolt, there was some blood shed, a village that had been built at Port Cumberland, the harbor, was burned, and the authorities, after ferreting out and putting to death the wretches who, on completing their work of destruction, had

fled to the woods, abandoned the island to the goats and horses. Subsequently two or three wandering Chilians found shelter there and eked out a livelihood that the generous soil for the most part easily supplied, by selling to passing ships vegetables and water. In 1849, when that memorable rush was made for the gold fields of California, some of the ships bound thither round Cape Horn touched at Juan Fernandez.—They found there besides some half score of Chilians, including women and children, the mate of an American whaler, who like SELKIRK, had left his vessel from choice to dwell upon the island, and who had a family by one of the Chilean women.—This man looked not unlike the pictures of "Robinson Crusoe," having garments of goat skins, a long beard, and that expression of profound yet melancholy calm which people who live in solitude are prone to have. He seemed, notwithstanding, to be contented, and he spoke not of leaving the place or of any wish to change his condition. A grotto near the shore he pointed out as Robinson Crusoe's Cave, and showed other spots identifying them with localities spoken of in DEFOE's story. He appeared to regard himself as SELKIRK's representative, and to take pride in being so accepted.

Twenty years seem to have passed after this without any other or more definite use being made of Juan Fernandez: but last Winter it was ceded by the Chilean Government to a company of Germans, who are led by one ROBERT WEHRHAN, a Saxon engineer. He and his society have now taken possession of the island and purpose to make it their home. They number some sixty or seventy individuals, and have taken with them cows and other cattle, swine, fowls, all kinds of agricultural implements, with boats and fishing apparatus, and tools for the various mechanical trades. It is said that WEHRHAN left Germany eleven years ago, and, after passing some time in England, was engaged on railways

in South America. While there he conceived the idea that he has now carried into effect. This is a repetition on a larger scale of the experiment of Pitcairns Island, without of course, the criminal preface that stained the history of the crew of the *Bounty*. The world will watch the

career of this little colony with deeply interested eyes; for apart from the curiosity and sympathy naturally attracted by the experiment itself, no more engaging spot could have been chosen in which to make it than that which is cherished in so many hearts as Robinson Crusoe's Island.

WHO FIRST USED THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

When I was a school-boy and studied geography, I used to wonder sometimes, as I was poring over a large map of the world, how it came to pass that such a country as Portugal had so many possessions in different parts of the earth. It is a little kingdom, about as large as our State of Indiana, and contains only about as many people as the State of New York; and those people, travellers tell us, are not very industrious, skillful or enterprising. And yet the old map which I used to look at seemed to be dotted all over with places marked, "Belongs to Portugal."

It is not so surprising that this small kingdom, this odd corner of Europe, this narrow oblong slice of Spain, should have gained possession of most of those islands off the African coast,—the Azores, Madeiras, and the Cape Verdes,—because they are not very far from Portugal, and because there is no other Christian country from which they can be so conveniently reached. Most of those islands are within seven or eight hundred miles of its south-western corner. But away down the African coast, in what is called Lower Guinea the land of ivory, gold dust, and precious gums, we find a great region of country belonging to Portugal, with a Portuguese town in it, a Portuguese governor-general, and churches conducted by Portuguese priests, in which crowds of half-naked negroes and mulattoes bow low before the cross and the image of the Virgin.

And then, on the other side of

Africa, there is another extensive region, called Mozambique, which also belongs to Portugal. Here Portugal has a territory as large as the State of Virginia, from which are exported plenty of indigo and rare drugs, fine woods for furniture, elephants tusks, the teeth of the hippopotamus, and the horns of the rhinoceros; to say nothing of common things, such as rice, sugar, spice, coffee, and coal. Here again we find a Portuguese city of considerable size, with great barracks for soldiers, with storehouses and wharves, a splendid palace for the governor-general, a cathedral, and several smaller churches and convents. In this city, which consists of palaces for the Portuguese and huts for the natives, there are a Portuguese bishop, Portuguese priests, nuns and monks, Portuguese judges and courts. The Portuguese have been so long established in that country that one of their towns has had time to go to decay. It is called Melinda, and you may see there the ruins of Portuguese churches, convents, storehouses, wharves and palaces, which were built three centuries ago.

But this is not all. If you should sail from the ruined walls and wharves of Melinda two thousand miles to the westward, across the ocean, and enter the harbor of Goa, on the coast of India, you would find a Portuguese settlement and city that would fill you with still greater astonishment. Neither the English, nor the French, nor the Dutch, have ever built in that part of the world cathedrals or palaces so splendid as

those with which the Portuguese have adorned this city, so far from their native land. One church there is decorated with beautiful paintings brought from Italy; and the cathedral is so exceedingly gorgeous, and so vast in extent, that it would not be thought out of place in one of the principal cities of Catholic Europe. These buildings, it is true, are going to decay; but they show what power the Portuguese must have had in India, when they could spend the revenue of an Indian province upon one convent or one church. To this day there is a Portuguese viceroy resident there, and a Portuguese archbishop; and there is also a Portuguese seminary for the education of priests.

Then there is Macao, a Portuguese city in China, where again we find amazing evidences, in the form of churches, convents and seminaries, of the power once possessed in this part of the world by the Portuguese. Indeed, it was at this city of Macao that Camoens, the only Portuguese poet known to the rest of the world, composed the only famous poem which that country has produced. Macao was given by the Emperor of China to the mighty king of Portugal, in return for some assist-

ance which the Portuguese King had rendered him in driving pirates from the Chinese seas.

Why, two hundred years ago, there was not a head in all the Eastern world that would not bow low to the Portuguese uniform; and millions of dusky human beings in Asia and Africa toiled from youth to old age to enrich that small and distant kingdom. In America, too, there is Brazil, a country containing nearly four millions of square miles,—larger than the United States,—which belonged to Portugal until a few years ago. Here the Portuguese language is still spoken, Portuguese laws and customs still prevail, and it is governed by an Emperor sprung from the royal family of Portugal.

I used to wonder at these things when I had but a slight knowledge of them at school; but in later years I found out the reason. The mariner's compass, very much as we have it now, was invented about the year 1300; and the reason why Portugal, a little insignificant kingdom, held possessions so valuable and numerous in those distant parts of the world, is simply this: *the Portuguese were the first to turn the compass to account in navigating the ocean.—Our Young Folks.*

THE CLOUDS.

Do you want to attend a grand review of the cloud-ranks, to see how they are marshaled into battalions and divisions, answer to their names, perform their evolutions, and give place to each other in an order as perfect as that of soldiers on parade, and far more grand?

Come, then, first to the upper sky, high above the tops of the highest mountains of Europe, where only solitary peaks in Asia and America bear us company, if such remote neighbors can be said to bear company. We are fifteen or twenty thousand feet above the earth, in the region of those fleecy locks of silver that stray over the blue, like wavy tresses of hair; and hence they take

their name, *cirrus*—meaning, in Latin, a lock or curl. Do you think they stray at will across the sky, without plan or purpose? Watch and you will soon see that they are formed into regular troops, and that they move before the wind in a grand and steady march. "But how *before* the wind?" do you say; for see, they float westward, while the vane on our church-spire is pointing south. Ah! that is just what I am glad to have you notice, for it gives me the opportunity to tell you that winds often blow one way near the surface of the earth, and quite a different way a few miles above. And now would you like to know how you can tell which way the wind is in those

upper regions, even if the delicate *cirrus* clouds do not seem to move at all? Look carefully and you will observe that one edge of every cloud is a well-defined and sharp line, while the opposite is soft and faint, melting into the blue. It is the wind blowing against the first side that drives every scattering lock into its place and compresses all into a compact mass; and you never see a *cirrus* cloud step out of its ranks to face the wrong way, any more than you would see a soldier on parade fall out of line, or present arms without orders.

But we must not linger too long with the *cirrus*, for down among the mountain tops are cloud-mountains awaiting us, rounded heaps of white mist taking shape from the more solid mountains whose heads they surround. We give to these also a Latin name—*cumulus*, a heap. The highest of them mingle with the *cirrus*, and make these pretty flocks of sheep, so round and soft, that sometimes rove through the sky.

I used to think I should like to lie in the soft folds of these *cumulus* clouds and float through the air like a fairy; but to do that one would have to be a giant and no fairy, for these cloud-mountains are really as

big as earth-mountains, and even may compare with the grandest of the Himalayas, and their toppling edges of fleecy mist are precipices two or three thousand feet high. This you can well prove if you live in a mountain country, where the clouds come down and measure themselves with the mountains side by side.

And now we must turn to those flat layers or lines of gray that stretch their level length along the horizon; far less beautiful than *cirrus* or *cumulus*, mere store-houses of vapor, I think, where our rains are to be prepared. These are the *stratus*, so called because they lie in strata or layers; and I willingly leave them to plunge with you into the low and misty region of the *nimbus* or rain-cloud, whose edge sometimes touches the earth, and whose folds often wrap the mountains like a mantle.

Nobody thinks a rain-cloud very beautiful, but it is made of the same mist that floats in the silver locks of the lovely *cirrus*; only it has gathered so heavy a burden that it can no longer swim at ease through the high blue spaces, but drifts heavily earthward and pours out its treasure as it comes.—*Hearth and Home*.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

Rev. J. HENRY SMITH recently delivered an address to the Sing Sing prisoners, in the chapel of the institution, which deeply impressed the listeners. The following is one of its most affecting and effective passages:

“Ten years ago three young men came ashore from a man-of-war lying off the coast of Massachusetts.—They entered Boston. Life to those young men was full of hope, and the future was to them a dream of joy. Each of these young men knew by fearful experience the power of strong drink, and that if he tasted the intoxicating cup he opened the

flood-gates of hell upon his soul.—Did they drink? They did; and that night one of them was murdered in the most degraded street of Boston. The second, in a drunken fit of frenzy, jumped from the upper window of a brothel, and his brains were spattered on the curb below. The third was to be found at any hour in the lowest haunts of infamy in Ann street, his eyes wild with the light of passion and his heart untouched by the fearful fate of his companions. He had a mother, a mother who loved him with the deepest affection. Alas, for that loving mother, she was doomed to wait the coming of her bright-eyed boy for years; to sit in deep mourning,

watching, waiting, praying, hoping against hope. I can see that young man now, standing by the accursed bar, the quick destroyer in the glass, taking his own young life. Though ruin was written on the glass, he drank the rum while he knew he was casting himself into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. From that eventful hour commenced a life of sin, so wild, so dark, so blasting, that it seemed as though that young soul had sold itself to the most infamous career of shame. And there seemed no hope of escape. Bound in the dark prison house, cradled in the arms of vice, he closed his ears against the voice of friends and God—steeled his heart to every noble impulse, and with his own hand wrote his name on hell's crowded register, thus asking for admittance there. Standing thus upon the crumbling crust already cracking beneath his tread, lost to every sense of holiness or shame, with the coronet of death upon his brow, a withering curse to all who loved him, yet worthy of a better life—a Christian lady met him. With all a woman's tenderness she plead with that young man. He tried to stand—he staggered; she held him up. He staggered, fell again—her love was there again to raise him to his feet, and whisper sweetly, "Be a man!" Again he fell; again she helped him to arise. On bended knees, with tears of agony, he struggled to get free. The chains were on him, the chains of vice, of shame, of death. But on his soul had dawned the morning of a better life, and, with one gigantic effort, he burst the bonds, and rose—a man! It was a mad, wild conflict, almost hopeless, to win back what he had lost, but he gained the victory. Step by step he fought, until upon the ruins of his lost youth he raised a new manhood, consecrating it to God, and God received the offering. Since that glad hour of battle triumph, the voice of that young man has been heard in the prison houses of our land, calling upon men to look up and live, to fling down the gauntlet to the years, and from defeat win victory, and from overthrow eternal

life. To-day that young man pleads with you, and having known what you are learning, having suffered from the scathing touch of the destroyer, he asks you earnestly in the name of all that is worth living for, "to show thyself a man!"

Fight between a Ship's Crew and a Baboon.

An English steamer, which arrived at Liverpool a short time since, had on board three giant chacmas or baboons, two crocodiles, several monkeys, and other specimens of the natural history of the country. The baboons were very ferocious, and possessed of giant strength. For their safe custody, a strong den with iron bars was provided, and placed near the fore-castle, so that they could be constantly under the eye of the crew. All went well until the morning of the second day out, when a crash was heard, and in an instant the large chacma had wrenched several bars off, and the next instant was on the fore-castle, armed with the bars with which he had been confined. Here his majesty paused for a moment, and in a dignified manner surveyed his captors. A rope having been got, a noose was formed and cast over his head, and he struggled hard to extricate himself, but without avail. He then attacked one of the seamen, whom he seized by the arm; and, notwithstanding that several men belabored him with weapons, the brute would not relinquish his hold until he had torn the flesh from above the elbow to near the wrist, and had been rendered insensible, when he was carried to his den.

Artificial Light.

It is stated that the best substance for producing light with the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe is a cylinder or plate of zirconia, the oxyd of zircon. It is the only infusible metallic oxyd yet discovered, and develops a more intense light than lime or any other substance. It has also the very valuable property of being easily moulded, like plumbago, into sticks or cylinders.

A New Metal.

Professor Graham, one of the most celebrated chemists of England, announces the discovery of a new metal, called hydrogenium, being the metallic base of hydrogen. It is white, magnetic, with a specific gravity of 2. If this announcement is correct, it will be the most remarkable chemical discovery of late years, and do much to open to our view an understanding of the intimate nature of elements. Hydrogen has long been suspected to be metallic, but supposed to be a gaseous metal, just as mercury is a liquid metal. The specific gravity of hydrogenium, being twice that of hydrogen, would seem to imply that the metal was less simple in nature than the familiar gas. If we understand the imperfect notices of Prof. Graham's asserted discovery, he regards palladium and some other metallic forms as properly alloys of hydrogen. A year ago he showed that hydrogen is found to a large amount incorporated in meteoric irons, which have absorbed a large bulk of it, and platinum is known to possess the same power. Hydrogen might be expected in connection with the meteoric iron, as it is an element of many of the stars and forms the bulk of the protuberances about the sun.

Blandet's Theory.

The distinguished astronomer, Faye (of Faye's comet), endorses a novel theory of Dr. Blandet. It is generally admitted that the solar system originally formed one vast nebula, from which the planets were separated, and that the great central mass gradually condensed into the present bulk of the sun, which even now, by reason of its fiery gaseous envelops, is much swollen beyond the bulk of its solid core. Dr. Blandet believes that the sun did not reach its present size till a late period in geologic history, and that in the carboniferous period it was still

a nebula 47 degrees in diameter; that is, when fairly risen, the sun at that time would have reached more than half way from the horizon to the zenith! Its light would have been a little violet and very favorable to vegetation. The heat need not have been much greater than now, as it would have been diffused through the whole mass, and by familiar laws would have become subsequently intensified by condensation of the sun's mass. This theory would explain the occurrence of a tropical carboniferous flora in the polar regions, but not the late discovery of an abundant Arctic flora as late as the chalk if not the tertiary. It is curious that this theory, if true, agrees with the mosaic record that the sun was not created till the fourth demiurgic day; that is, till long after the carboniferous period.

The Chinese in the Sandwich Islands.

There are about 200 of these in the district of Hilo, including merchants, peddlers, stewards, and laborers. They are a valuable element of community, though few of them are Christians. Mr. Coan went to a Chinese sugar-plantation near Hilo, on a late Sabbath, preached to them, and took up a collection amounting to 97 dollars! They are ready and generous in their help in building churches. They seem ashamed of their idolatry, and their children by Hawaiian wives are all in the Sabbath-school receiving a Christian education. One of their number, a merchant, has left his store and preaches to his countrymen. He is a man of good education, understands six Chinese dialects, besides English and Hawaiian, and is a perfect gentleman as well as an earnest Christian. He seems just the man to evangelize his countrymen, who are somewhat proud of him. At a late meeting which he held at Hilo, *not one* of the Chinese were absent.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

HOMAGE TO IT FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE GOOD AND THE GREAT.

The first President Adams. I have examined all, as well as my narrow sphere, my straitened means, and my busy life would allow me; and the result is, that the Bible is the best book in the world. It contains more of my little philosophy than all the libraries I have seen; and such parts of it as I cannot reconcile to my little philosophy, I postpone for future investigation.

The second President Adams. I speak as a man of the world to men of the world; and I say to you, *Search the Scriptures!* The Bible is the book of all others, to be read at all ages, and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once or twice or thrice through, and then laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity.

Sir Matthew Hale. It is a book full of light and wisdom, will make you wise to eternal life, and furnish you with directions and principles to guide and order your life safely and prudently. There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom and use.

Gregory the Great. A stream where alike the elephant may swim, and the lamb may wade.

Thomas Carlyle. A noble book! All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here on earth; and all in such free flowing outlines, grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation.

John Milton. God has ordained his Gospel to be the revelation of his power and wisdom in Christ Jesus. Let others, therefore dread and shun the Scriptures for their darkness; I shall wish I may deserve to be reckoned among those who admire and dwell upon them for their clearness. There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and

no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.

Queen Victoria. This is the secret of England's greatness.

The Chevalier Bunsen. The Bible is the only cement of nations and the only cement that can bind religious hearts together.

William H. Seward. The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influence of the Bible.

John McLean. If its rules were faithfully observed by individuals and communities, the highest degree of earthly happiness would be attained.

Lewis Cass. I earnestly hope that God's day may be hallowed, and his Word may be studied through this whole land, till their obligations are felt and acknowledged by all its people.

Daniel Webster. I have read it through many times; I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines; and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and rules for conduct.

Thomas Jefferson. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the Sacred Volume will make better citizens, better fathers and better husbands.

Isaac Newton. We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more sure marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever.

Coleridge. I know the Bible is inspired, because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book.

Tholuck. The reason why we find so many dark places in the Bible is, for the most part, because there are so many dark places in our hearts. It belongs to the nature of this book, that it was written for all men of every time, and for all the experiences of each single human heart.

Bishop Jewel. Cities fall, kingdoms come to nothing, empires fade away as smoke. Where is Numa, Minos, Lycurgus? Where are their books? and what has become of their laws? But that this book no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day, amid the wreck of all that is human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein—surely there is a very singular providence, claiming our attention in a most remarkable manner.

Napoleon Bonaparte. The Gospel is more than a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power, which invades every thing that opposes its extension. Behold, it is upon this table, this book surpassing all others; I never omit to read it, and every day with new pleasure.

Lost on the Ice.

One beautiful winter's day a great many people went out on the ice of the sea of Azoff, some for pleasure, and some to engage in the business of fishing beneath the ice. So intent and exciting became this work and play that the great company scattered far and wide over the surface of the sea. Many had ventured far out, in hope of bettering their fishing fortunes. All were so absorbed, and so fearless of any danger, because there was such a large company about them, that they failed to take any note of wind, or tide, or weather.

It may be that a warning note now and then, was wafted to them by friends on shore; but it was little heeded. By-and-by an easterly breeze sprung up, and before any one was aware, long fearful cracks were made in the ice next to the shore. The breeze freshened, and before any one was fully aroused to the danger all were beyond help and hope. Then oh what terror and dismay filled every heart! What cries and shrieks for help! But all in vain. Friends on the shore could only run frantically up and down and wring

their hands, and wave their farewells as the broken masses of ice were swept away with their shrieking, perishing freights of human life. Three thousand people perished on that fearful day.

How awful it seems to us to think of so many going at once into eternity! Yet every day we live, no doubt, far more than this vast number are added to the army of the dead. Sundered far and wide they may be, dying by a thousand different ills,—yet all going up to the same judgment bar. All those who perished on that fatal Azoff sea, must have died some day; perhaps many of them quite as unexpectedly to them. Very few people realize that they are going to die. The only safe way for us all is to be always ready. Oh, if Jesus Christ is our friend and Saviour, if we pray to him every day, in faith and love, to take care of us and make us ready for his kingdom, we shall never be surprised and affrighted by the face of death.

Hidden Treasures.

In the "green room" at Dresden, where, for centuries, the Saxon princes have gathered their gems and treasures, until they have become worth millions of dollars, may be seen a silver egg, a present to one of the Saxon queens, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk. Within the yolk is a chicken. Press the wing and the chicken flies open, disclosing a splendid gold crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all. Touch another secret spring, and you will find hid in the centre a magnificent diamond ring.

So it is with every truth and promise of God's Word—a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it the greater riches do we find. But how many neglect to touch the spring!

The Ten Refuges.

The Simplon Pass is one of the grand high-roads across the Alps. It crosses from Switzerland into Italy. Starting from the Rhone Valley, it

ascends by a long zigzag road, until, leaving the smiling valley and the vine-clad slopes far below, it runs along the sides of peaks covered with everlasting snow. From the summit, you look down into the valley, thousands of feet beneath, and around on a strange wilderness of icy pinnacles. This pass is very dangerous. In a thunderstorm, the avalanche often comes down with a sudden crash, and buries the hapeless traveler.

Is there any shelter provided from the falling snow? Yes. Along the highway there are houses built called "refuges,"—solid and strong arches,—into which the traveler may run when the distant roar overhead warns him when his life is in danger. There are ten of these retreats: they are stationed at convenient distances, and are open night and day. It was a humane and beautiful idea to have these places built.

Jesus is our refuge. He is our hiding-place from the wind, and our covert from the tempest, the Rock of Ages cleft for us.—*Early Days.*

The Shark's Fin.

I was once sailing on the broad Pacific. One day, when the sea was very calm, in looking out upon the water on the Mexican coast, I saw what seemed to be a long, sharp, pointed knife, rising above the surface, and cutting the water, while it kept along with the ship for an hour or more. On looking narrowly, I saw that it was the fin of a shark rising from his back.

This creature was following us, ready to catch any one who might fall overboard. It was very large, and had cold, murderous eyes. Thus it was gliding noiselessly along, watching for a chance to do some awful work of blood.

So, I thought, that great enemy of souls, Satan, follows men, hoping to seize them in some unguarded moment, and drag them down to destruction. He is in the waters of sin; however pleasant they may seem, it is dangerous to try them. There is no safety anywhere, only as one keeps on the good, staunch ship of Christian integrity.—*Am. Mesenger.*

"If Thou Knewest the Gift of God."

"Perhaps there is no cry more striking than that of the Eastern water-carrier. 'The gift of God! he cries, as he goes along with his water-skin on his shoulder. It is impossible to hear this cry without thinking of our Lord's words to the woman of Samaria:—

'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water' (John, iv. 10).

It is very likely that water, so valuable and so often scarce in hot countries, was, in those days as now, spoken of as 'the gift of God' to denote its preciousness. If so, the expression would be exceedingly full of meaning.

"Jesus is Coming."

On the deck of an English vessel lying in the river Parana, S. A., a young man was dying of consumption.

The cabin was close and warm, and the kind-hearted Captain had fitted up a cool berth for him in the long-boat, where, sheltered by awnings, he lay, fanned by the air which came up cool from the waves as they broke against the vessel's side.

Only nineteen years of age, yet he must die, and he knew and felt it. He had learned how to pray, but anxiously desired such a manifestation of God's love that he could say he was reconciled to him. As the days wore on his prayer became intensely earnest.

One morning when a friend approached his bedside, after a temporary absence, he cried in triumph,

"I have seen the Saviour clothed in his white robes, and I am going to him. I have seen him!"

After this not a doubt seemed to arise in his mind. At different times he tried to sing,

"Glory be to God on high," etc.

"Suppose you should recover?" he was asked.

"O no, no, I do not wish to recover. I shall soon be with Jesus. Tell my mother I am happy."

Half an hour before he died he cried "Jesus is coming now."

RELIGION OFF SOUNDINGS.

It has passed into a proverb among seafaring men that "there is no religion off soundings." The currency of the saying tells a sad story of what sea life is, and expresses the prevailing conviction of the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of maintaining a consistent Christian walk amid the peculiar trials of such a life. Those who are most concerned in the question, whether as owners or officers of ships, have regarded it as an utter impossibility to control such men as usually compose a ship's crew and to maintain discipline among them, without the use of coarse language and brute force. We have enjoyed the privilege of perusing in manuscript a narrative entitled, "Two Sides of Sea Life," by a sea-captain, which throws new light on these subjects. Since its strict truthfulness is unquestionable, the publication of such a testimony to the grace of God will redound to the praise of His name, and will convey instruction and encouragement to Christians placed in circumstances of trial both at sea and on shore. To the profession of which the author is an ornament, it will conclusively prove not only the possibility of conducting a voyage on Christian principles, but the unspeakable advantages to all concerned of the discipline of reason and kindness, over that of violence and abuse, even among the "hardest" crews that can be shipped from our ports.

This much we may say of the general character of the work, that, without literary pretension, it contains pictures of sea-life equal in graphic power to those which form the attraction of the most popular books on the subject. The narrative is enlivened by vivid descriptions of manners and scenery in the countries visited. But all this is subordinate to the high moral object of the work. The first part of it is chiefly an account of the experience of a young man of education both before the mast and as an inferior officer in ships conducted under the prevailing system. The view of the dark

side of sea life is completed by an account of a voyage to the East Indies and Australia under a captain who gloried in his profanity and brutality. This man came to an untimely end from the effects of a fall while the ship lay in an Australian port, and his place was supplied by a captain in the employment of the same owners, who proved to be a consistent Christian.

An account of the homeward voyage presents the other side of sea life; and the contrast between these two men and their respective methods of discipline is made more striking by the fact that it was made under the same officers as the outward voyage. Our space does not admit of even a general view of the new régime and its effects upon the men, but the following extract will give some idea of both. The narrator is the young man already alluded to, whose experience presents the dark side of sea life. He is, at the time referred to in the extract, second mate of the ship. Mr. Wright, it must be explained, is the mate, a thorough seaman, but one who hitherto had believed in the necessity of severe measures with sailors. The new captain had in the outset explained to his officers the course which he designed to pursue, and had insisted on their coöperation. He preached the Gospel to the sailors, supplied them with wholesome reading, gave each of them a Bible, and already it had become no uncommon thing to see the men reading the word of God during their leisure time. They had now been many weeks at sea when the second mate writes:

"With regard to discipline, things went on quietly and without any trouble. We had now and then to hurry up a lazy sailor or check some little freedom, but we had no 'back answers' nor any signs of insubordination. Still, I must admit there was not such strict order as we had on the outward passage to Australia under Captain Streeter's rule. Human nature showed out a little more now. When the watch turned out

at four o'clock in the morning and began to brace yards in the rain, they were not very prompt with their answers for the first half-hour; and while hauling, in the hot sun under the line, there was not quite so much 'running and jumping' as when they had the fear of a curse or a belaying-pin over them. But we had good discipline. The men were under proper restraint and their work was done well. Mr. Wright was a good deal affected by this result, and one dog-watch, as we were sitting on the booby-hatch, he acknowledged to me that he was agreeably disappointed.

"He said, 'Things go on a good deal better here than I thought they would under the old man's system. I was always brought up to believe that a sailor couldn't be influenced by any thing but a handspike, and I still think there are some of them that couldn't be. But there's no mistake but what things go on well here. I've just as good a watch as I want to have.'

"'But,' I said, 'I don't think there is quite as strict discipline as we had coming out, after we gave them their instructions coming down channel.'

"'I know,' said he 'there isn't quite so much of the 'clean jump' in fine weather; but in bad weather they're just as good, and I don't know but a little better. How sail came off her the other night! I scarcely know how it came in; for I had scarcely to give an order, but the men went to the ropes with all their wits about them and worked like good fellows. When I was third mate of the *Mountaineer*, we got caught in some such a squall off Cape Clear coming from Liverpool. All hands were called, and the second mate and I went to the fore-castle door with our brass knuckles on to hustle the men out. We stood there cursing at 'em; and as each one showed himself, we made a pass at him to help him along. When we got 'em on deck, we hazed 'em around to the ropes, hitting right and left. But I don't believe we helped matters much; for the men got so scared they didn't know which end of the ship they were in.

When the mate sung out, "haul in the weather foretop-gallant brace," there was one poor Dutchman that turned right around in a circle four times, and he'd have gone the fifth if the second mate hadn't laid him out on the deck. We were three times as long getting in sail as we were the other night, and there was as much again blown away. There's another thing," said he, 'about this ship—men know there's no work given to humbug them; and so when they get an order, they're sure it's for necessary work, and they go at it with a will, without bothering their heads to study any cross-purpose.'

"I was astonished to hear such talk as this from a sailor-driver as Mr Wright had been, and I said to him, 'I never expected to hear you talk in this style.'

"'It is odd,' said he, 'that's a fact, and I don't know but what there'll be odder things yet. I guess I'll tell you something else, that pretty near took all the wind out of my sails.—Well, it was a queer speech for a sea-captain to make, and no mistake. Don't you think, last Sunday night the old man came up on deck and began talking to me about the weather, and then he hemmed and hawed about the deck, making a remark now and then, getting me to draw up to him as he edged himself forward. When he got out of hearing of the man at the wheel, he turned on me, and said he, "Mr Wright, is your soul saved?" I was struck all aback, and I didn't know whether to brace round on the other tack or box her off. For about a minute I couldn't say a word, and then all I got off was, "I don't know, but I suppose I stand as good a chance as a great many others." "I dare say," said he, "but is it a good chance?" "I have'n't thought much about it," said I; "I believe there's a merciful God, and I don't think He'll allow a sailor to live hard and die hard, and go to hell after all." Said he, "We're able to tell just what God will allow, for we've got His word for it." And then he repeated a verse from the Bible—something about believing for everlasting life.'

"Perhaps this was it," I interrupted, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"That sounds like it," said he. "And then the captain told me to read the third chapter of John. He talked to me a good while, and he said some queer things. He says he's sure *now* that he's saved; and it isn't because he's any better than any body else or because he obeys God's laws, but only because he believes that Jesus has borne the punishment that belongs to his sins, and God has taken Jesus as his substitute, and so won't lay any thing more to his charge. That doctrine kind of puzzles me. What little I ever heard of preaching on shore amounted to just this, "Be good, and you'll go to heaven." But I notice in the old man's sermons he's always running down good works as a way of being saved, and he's always talking about "only believe," "saved for nothing," and "the blood of the cross." If it's true, why haven't I heard it on shore?"

"I can't answer for that," said I. "Very likely you did hear it, but didn't get hold of it. That's Bible truth; and there's one passage that tells it five times, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: nor of works, lest any man should boast."

"Heigh ho!" said he, "it's time I looked in the compass; I believe the wind's getting aft." And he went up on the poop.

"That same night, having the first watch on deck, the captain entered into conversation with me, which was an unusual thing for him to do; for though he was quite social with the mate, he seldom favored the second mate with more than a passing remark. I soon found that his purpose was the same with me as the mate had reported in his case—he desired to know my religious sentiments. I satisfied him upon these, and he urged me to be constant in prayer for God's blessing on our shipmates.

"A few mornings afterward, as he was passing through the forward cabin while I was eating breakfast, I said to him, 'Captain Richards, one of the sailors is converted.'

"He stopped short and exclaimed, 'Is it possible! Who is it?'

"'Peterson,' I replied.

"'My faith was so weak,' said he, 'I was hardly expecting it until the latter part of the voyage, when I supposed sufficient means might have been used to warrant the expectation of conversions.'

"This Peterson, one of the two Swedish sailors, had told me his story. When eighteen years old, he had left his home and widowed mother, and for eighteen years he had wandered over the world, revelling in vice and never sending letter or money to her who had carefully watched over his early years. Now, without a personal appeal from any one, the reading of the Bible and books in the library which had been put on board by the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, following up the few services which had been held in the cabin, had been used by the Holy Spirit to reveal to him his lost condition, and to lead him to believe that Jesus died to save him from his sins. He confessed that he had been one of the worst men in the world; but his ingratitude to his mother seemed to weigh upon his heart more than the recollection of his excesses.

"I had noticed him one evening walking the deck vigorously for nearly four hours. He now told me that he was all this time praying God to forgive his sins; and when he turned into his bunk, he had a short sleep, in which he dreamed about forsaking some of his old companions in sin; and then he awoke, freed from his burden, feeling that God had indeed blotted out his sins for Jesus' sake. Intense joy filled his heart, and, as he said, 'he wanted to go at once and shake hands with every one in the ship.' He had formerly shown dislike to one of his shipmates; but on that morning, knowing that this man was in great need of clothing, he took from his own rather scanty-filled chest a flannel shirt and a pair of shoes, and

gave them to the man as a token of good-will.

"He at once avowed himself to be a converted man; and in spite of the jeers and scoffing which followed plentifully upon this avowal, he manfully bore the cross. While he remained with us, his enthusiasm seemed never to flag, nor did he allow an opportunity to pass without urging others to flee from the wrath to come. He grew rapidly in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and saw more clearly the grace of God in the free gift of salvation through the atonement for sin made by Jesus on the cross.

"I may here state that, on the first opportunity after arriving in port, he addressed a letter to his aged mother, the first word that he had sent to her for eighteen years in which he told her that her wayward son, who had been so long under the dominion of Satan, was now in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. Knowing the state of religion in his own country, he asked his mother to examine herself and see if she was depending for her salvation upon any rites of baptism, or confirmation, or church worship, or on her own prayers, or any of her works, instead of receiving the unmerited gift purchased alone by the blood of Jesus. He soon received an answer with a photograph of his mother, a

venerable woman, who expressed overflowing joy at what God had wrought. Instead of squandering his wages in dissipation, as he had formerly done, he now inclosed a substantial sum of money to his mother, to add to the comfort of her declining years.

"He was plain and faithful in his rebukes of sin among his shipmates. Such a man naturally became unpopular with those who had not the love of the truth in their hearts. Still they respected him, because he had no superior among them in seamanship, and they had to acknowledge that his daily walk was consistent with his profession. He had been as bold a blasphemer as any at the commencement of the voyage; but now God's name was on his lips only in prayer and praises and in testifying of His grace and truth."

It would be pleasant to follow the narrative down to the close of the voyage, when officers and men united their testimony in favor of the novel method of managing a ship, and parted from the captain with expressions of gratitude and respect. We can only say that the preached word was blessed to several of the crew, and among the rest a time came when Mr. Wright, the mate, confessed Christ. "I do believe," he said, "HE IS MY SAVIOUR."
—*Gospel Witness.*

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO THE LATE CAPT. HUNNEWELL.

BY A VETERAN MISSIONARY.

I have been acquainted with this remarkable friend of the Sandwich Islands Mission for a period of fifty years. He was always kind to me and mine and to our mission, and generally to its objects and attempts to benefit that nation of the heathen to whom we devoted so much of our lives. He and his wife were parishioners of the venerable Dr. Jedediah Morse, who married them in 1819. He was a mem-

ber of his Church; but Mr. H., though he contributed freely to the support of the gospel at home, and for sending it abroad, and especially for the cause of Christian education at the Sandwich Islands, and though he gave his friends evidence that he was a Christian, and his pastor at my suggestion, once offered him the communion of the Lord's supper privately, in his last illness; he waved it in the hope

that he might be well enough to go to church again, where it would have suited his preference to honor the Master ; but this was not allowed him; and he never united with any church. He maintained for a considerable time, family worship, in his own household.

At what time he or others have supposed he became a Christian, I can give you very little reliable information, except that it was not in my judgment on the voyage of the *Thaddeus* [he did not then believe the Islands could be converted to Christ] but during his perilous, trying, and protracted voyage, in his gratuitously taking from Boston to the Hawaiian Islands "the Missionary packet, for our use some six years later, and probably, when that little vessel, which caused him great anxiety, was long shut up in the Straits of Magellan, when he went on shore, and taking an elevated position, where he could watch the movements of the ocean, and the changes of the wind, and there alone spend much of the sacred day in prayer for help and guidance. "From that day," he tells us, "he had not doubted his Heavenly Father's care."

This may have been the *beginning* of his trust in God, or a very marked

increase of it, in the most trying period of his life, from which, perhaps, indirect answer to his prayer, he was soon after safely and joyfully released, an event he never forgot.

He is succeeded in business and home cares by a very intelligent, generous, and only son, who honors his parentage by walking in the steps of his excellent father. He not only had printed their Pastor's memorial discourse, not of exaggerated eulogy of the character and example of the rectitude and benevolence so worthy of commendation and imitation, especially by mariners and the sons of commerce, but in his own beautiful quarto volume of the "Bibliography of the Hawaiian Islands," just issued, he has paid a very delicate, filial and well deserved tribute to the memory of his "dear and honored" father.

Our mission, the Oahu College, and the Hawaiian nation will not soon forget their friend and benefactor J. Hunnewell, Esq.

As the wide heathen world is opening for vigorous and timely missionary operations, how frequently may ship-owners and mariners aid this cause materially and advantageously, with no real detriment to their own interests, temporal or eternal!

Yours truly, H. BINGHAM.

BELGIUM.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF REV. MR. PETTINGELL, CHAPLAIN AT ANTWERP.

Sunday, August 15. This is assumption day as it is called—the day on which the Holy Virgin was taken up into Heaven. It is celebrated with great pomp and éclat. The city is all astir. The bells are ringing. Processions of various societies with flying banners and music are marching to and fro. Strolling mu-

sicians and little dancing parties are everywhere seen and heard. The principal streets are swept and strewn with white sand and fresh flowers, in preparation for the great procession at noon. In the morning there is a grand regatta on the Scheldt. At noon an image of the Virgin gorgeously robed, spangled

all over with gold and silver ornaments, and loaded down with jewelry, is brought out of the Cathedral and carried through the city on the shoulders of men. The streets along her course are lighted by innumerable candles, attached to the walls of the houses, blazing in the face of the mid-day sun, she is accompanied by martial music, and long rows of men in white tunics, bearing lighted candles flaring in the breeze and dropping their grease on every side, companies of chanting ecclesiastics and a multitude of magnificent banners, at each of which two or three men are tugging and sweating to keep them aloft against the wind, and a numerous host of citizens, among whom are the magnates and city authorities, all with their heads uncovered, and, last of all, by the *host* borne by a priest, underneath a canopy. The streets are thronged, the windows and doors are crowded, and as the procession passes along all uncover their heads, and drop upon their knees and cross themselves. In the center of the principal street a huge altar has been erected, there the procession halts, and grand high mass is celebrated, and then, amid the din of ten thousand voices mingling with the music of the band, the chanting of priests, and the ringing of bells, she is carried back to her throne in the Cathedral, and the gratified multitude disperse to their beer gardens and pleasure grounds, and the rest of the day and the evening far into the night are given up to amusements of various kinds, to dissipation, revelry, and carousing as the taste and inclination of every one may incline him. On these fete days, which usually occur on Sunday,—and there are many in the course of the year—our attendance

at the Bethel is much reduced, there is so much to be seen and heard that strangers, and sailors especially, find it difficult to resist the attractions without, and come to the place of worship. Nor is it easy for any one amid all this din, and bustle, and parade, and show, to be “in the spirit on the Lord’s day.” But we always hold our three regular services in the Bethel whatever may happen, and we always have some devout worshippers, even on these occasions. To-day, a Scotch gentlemen and his daughter, on their way to Southern Europe, stopping over at one of the hotels to spend the Sabbath, were at the Bethel all day. Notwithstanding the novelty of the exhibition in the streets, they preferred to visit the place of worship, as their “custom was.” Would that all English and American travelers would follow their example—but there are very few of them who respect the day enough to interrupt their journey, much less to attend any protestant place of worship on the Sabbath. They may be seen going about the streets with their guide-books in hand. They are sure to visit the Cathedral and other notable churches, and to look at the celebrated paintings by Reubens, and to listen to the musical performance, and to gratify all their curiosity, under the plea that it is in the way of religion, but they seldom, very seldom can find the time to worship with us, after the manner of their fathers, and in accordance with their own convictions, and practice at home. But once in a great while our hearts are cheered, and we are encouraged in our efforts to hold up the standard of the Gospel amidst papal superstition and abounding wickedness, by the presence of christian

travelers, as we have been to-day. This Scotch gentleman expressed a deep interest in our work, at the close of the service he dropped a sovereign into our box and bidding us God speed went to his lodgings—To-morrow he will resume his journey.

18th. The great *Kermess*, which opened with the fête of the Assumption on Sunday, is continued through half of the week. All work is suspended, drinking is carried to a most disgusting excess. The government taking upon itself to provide amusements for the people, gives them theatrical shows and fireworks in the evening, and during the day, both Monday and Tuesday, the great fabulous giant, who used to exercise his tyrannical rule over the Scheldt, and levy tribute on the vessels that came up the river, with his wife, both more than forty feet high, with many other fabulous monsters, are drawn in procession through the city, accompanied by men and women dressed in the costumes of ancient times. To-day business begins to resume its course, but the workmen, as is usual after the dissipation of these fêtes, are not good for much for two or three days. Monday is always a poor work day here, there is so much more drunkenness on Sunday than on other days, that many must lie by a part, or the whole of the next day to sleep it off.

So it is with the sailors in port, they usually have more money to spend and more leisure on Sunday than on other days; the temptations also are greater and the consequence is, that there is more dissipation, more noise, more brawls, more cases of drowning by falling into the dock,

and other accidents than, perhaps, during all the week together.

Sunday 22nd. Our congregations have been quite small to-day, as they were last Sunday on account of the fête. There are but very few vessels in port, I have never seen fewer. The weather has been very hot for the last week.

Throughout the summer till now our Bethel has been well filled, sometimes crowded to overflowing, and no doubt in a week or two it will be again, yet we have had a dozen or more at each of our three services to-day.

25th. Our beautiful and convenient suit of rooms in the Hanseatic house, which, by the favor of the Belgian government we have now occupied nearly three years free of rent, consisting of one large room for a chapel, another for a reading room, and a third for an office, has always been every thing we could desire, excepting we were not permitted to use fire or lights. During nine or ten months in the year we get along well enough without fire, and during the long summer days we have no need of lights for our evening meetings, as one can see to read till after nine o'clock. Year before last we suspended our evening services when the days became so short that we could not hold them before dark, and closed our reading room also. Last year I succeeded in renting two rooms near by for this purpose, but I have now succeeded in spite of much opposition in obtaining permission to light our rooms with gas, by means of reflectors on the outside. While the city government, being strongly papal, or clerical as it is called, have opposed us and endeavored to prevent us from occupy-

ing these rooms at all, and would have been glad to keep us from the use of light, the general government at Brussels, which is liberal in politics have treated us in a very liberal manner. It seems very odd to light a public building by gas from the outside, and our arrangements attracts a good deal of notice. But so long as the streets and docks are lighted by gas, the city government can find nothing in our arrangements to object to, except in the placing of our meter. They refused to give us permission to place this on the outside, under the plea that it would be dangerous to persons passing in the street, and so we have put it inside, without permission, and now I fear that we shall be ordered to take it out, on the plea that it endangers the building, but we have fitted up our apparatus for lighting at a large expense and we are determined to use it till we are officially forbidden.

Sunday, 29th. The attendance at the Bethel to-day has been small, as there are still but few vessels in port, and the weather is very hot.

For the evening meeting we lighted the gas on the outside and threw the light into the rooms by means of ten large reflectors. The effect is very fine, the light is abundant, but the novelty of the sight attracted in many Belgians, and we were very much annoyed by their coming in and going out during the service.

Honolulu Chaplaincy.

During my temporary absence from this Station, it affords me much gratification to learn that the several departments of this Chaplaincy are carried forward with their usual regularity. From the "Friend" which

appears every month, under the general management of Mr. E. Dunscombe, the Colporteur, I learn some interesting particulars. In the September No., it is announced that the Rev. R. B. Snowden had arrived in Honolulu, per Bark "Comet," and had commenced his labors in the Bethel. Mr. Snowden has been preaching in Redwood, California.

The Rev. Mr. Thompson, from Hilo, had also preached in the Bethel. From his sermon, one sentence of marked signification is quoted. "The Christian has a place to fill—no one else can so well supply it as himself, and through grace he ought to stand his ground, keeping himself, unspotted, from the world."

Our Colporteur, under date of September 13th, writes as follows : respecting the new American Consul in Honolulu :

"Last month a new Consul arrived here—Mr. Adamson. They have indeed sent a gentleman now. He is interested in the cause of American seamen. He has called at the Home a few times, making many enquiries about the establishment, where and how built. He has had considerable experience in the Consular Department. I only wish you had been here to give him the information he desired, concerning seamen for the past years on the islands, but as a substitute I loaned him two large volumes of "The Friend," second series, so that he has a little of your mind. He attends the Bethel every Sabbath morning."

The Young Men's Christian Association, of Honolulu, has taken in charge the Reading Room of the Sailor's Home, for one year.

Mr. Dunscombe adds. "The Home is doing well, we have at present fifteen men from the wrecked ship

"Mattie Banks," an English vessel lost at Baker's Island."

From the above statements and other facts known to myself, it affords me gratification to report the Honolulu Station in a prosperous condition.

S. C. DAMON,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Appreciated.

Says the Boston "*Daily Tribune*" "We have lately been looking over some numbers of *The Sailor's Magazine*, and it has given us equal surprise and pleasure to learn the wide extent and beneficent character of the moral and religious labors of the "AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY." The public seem little aware of the vigor, industry, and great usefulness of this organization; of the multitudes of seamen brought more or less within its usefulness in all parts of the world. The numbers before us for example, gives reports from its missionaries in the ports of France, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Labrador Coast, New Brunswick, Belgium and China. We have not room for details, but scores of poor sailors, in distant ports are through its efforts saved from ruin; encouraged, guided, helped in their attempts at reform; and restored to themselves, and to loving wives and children, who are anxiously waiting and praying for them in their far-off homes. Those who would aid a noble benevolence, should acquaint themselves with this inobtrusive but useful and efficient institution. Surely there is no class of men who have been more overlooked in the past, and none who at present need so much the friendly counsels and the active sympathies of the philanthropist and the Christian."

A Remarkably Hard Case.

In the year 1847, July 17, Wm. H. Buley left his home in the State of Delaware, coastwise, to seek his fortune. On arriving at this port, he went to the Colored Sailor's Home then located at No. 61 Cherry Street. He was a steady, temperate, industrious, moral young man, and early began to save money, depositing it in the Seamen's Bank for Saving. By the practice of rigid economy, his small earnings had amounted in 1852 to the snug sum of fifteen hundred dollars. Feeling this to be perfectly safe, he left the United States and took up his residence in British Columbia, where he has been living till now, meanwhile acquiring a respectable education. Judge of his surprise, when upon returning to look after his fifteen hundred dollars, which at compound interest has increased a hundred and fifty per cent, he finds, that upon letters of administration taken out upon his estate, supposing him to have been lost at sea, his hard earned savings have been paid out to others, and that he is left to regain his rights through the tedious process of law.

The case is certainly a severe one, but doubtless in the end he will recover all that belongs to him and be no loser.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

Mr. Alexander reports one hundred and thirty-one arrivals during the month of September. These deposited with him \$5,690, of which \$2,400 have been sent to relatives and \$600 placed in the Savings' Bank.

During this month forty-six men have gone to sea from the Home without advance, and three have been sent to the hospital.

The religious meetings at the Home have been well attended, especially the regular Saturday evening prayer-meeting.

Colored Sailors' Home No. 2 Dover St.

Mr. Powell reports for the months of August and September ninety arrivals. These deposited with him \$1,009, of which \$493 were sent to friends. Mr. Powell says, that for the first time in many years, he has been obliged to expel two persons from his house for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. He has sent three to the hospital, and one went to sea without advance.

Position of the Planets for November.

MERCURY during this month is a morning star and well situated for observation. It rises on the 1st about 5 h. A. M., and an hour later on the 30th; setting before the sun throughout the month. On the 5th it is at its greatest westerly elongation.

VENUS is an evening star, setting about 7½ h. P. M., at the beginning, and half an hour later at the end of the month, and is favorably situated for observation. It is in the vicinity of the moon on the morning of the 7th.

MARS rises during the month about 9½ A. M.; setting on the 1st at 6 h. 45 m. P. M., and on the 30th at 6 h. P. M. It is near the moon at about 2 h. A. M. of the 6th, and in conjunction with the planet Saturn on the afternoon of the 9th.

JUPITER rises soon after sunset till the 7th from this time it rises before sunset remaining visible all night and is therefore well situated for observation. It sets during the morning hours about 6 h. 30 m. A. M., at the beginning, and an hour earlier at the end of the month.

SATURN rises at the beginning of this month at 10 h. A. M.; setting about 7 h. P. M.; rising and setting at the end of the month at 8 h. 20 m. A. M., and 5 h. 10 m. P. M. During the morning hours of the 6th it will be near the moon.

B. B.

N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison St.

Total Disasters Reported in September.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 61, of which 45 were wrecked, 7 abandoned, 1 burnt, 4 sunk by collision, and 4 are missing. They are classed as follows: 1 steamer, 4 ships, 10 barks, 4 brigs, 41 schooners, and 1 sloop, and their total estimated value, exclusive of cargoes, \$995,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destination, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *b* burnt, *a* abandoned, *sc* sunk by collision, and *m* missing.

STEAMER.

Trade Wind, *a*, from N. Orleans for Belize, Hon. SHIPS.

Ann Eliza, *w*, from Liverpool for Baltimore.
Java, *m*, from New York for Yokohama.
Mary E. Campbell, *w*, from Liverpool for Aden.
Electric Spark, *w*, from Liverpool for San Francisco.

BARKS.

Ezra, *w*, from Liverpool for Baltimore.
Harlech Castle, *w*, from San Francisco for Iquique.
Salim, *b*, from Singapore for New York.
White Wing, from Rosario for Boston.
Thos. Winslow, *a*, (Whaler.)
Gem, *w*, (At Providence.)
Josephine, *w*, from St. Yago for Boston.
Aurora Australis, *w** from Yokohama for New York.
Empress, *w*, from Liverpool for Baltimore.
Maythorn, *w*, from Liverpool for New York.

BRIGS

Oxford, *w*, (Whaler.)
Anna Wellington, *a*, from Cow Bay for N. York
A. L. Palmer, *a*, from Liverpool for New York.
Excelsior, *a*, from New York for Fecamp.

SCHOONERS.

Gertrude, *w*, from St. John, N. B. for Philad'a.
Mercy & Hope, *w*, from Bangor for Salem.
Jno. Callaghan, *w*, (at St. Josephs Island, Tex.)
Ann Maria, *w*, (At Pass Cavallo.)
Uncle Charlie, *w*, (Near Corpus Christi.)
Alfred & Sammie, *w*, (Near Corpus Christi.)
Albion, *w*, from Boston for Rockland.
Mary Milnes, *w*, from Philadelphia for Boston.
Minnie, *w*.
Jane Eliza, from Bangor for Boston.
Preference, *w*, (at Dutch Island harbor.)
Sinaloa, *w* for Machias.
Mexican, *w*, (at Providence.)
Henrietta, *w*, (At Vinalhaven.)
Plandome, *w*, from New York for Kingston, Ja.
Velocity, *w*, from Boston for Steuben.
Pletten See, *m*, from Damariscotta for Boston.
Graduate, *a*, (Whaler.)
Thistle, *w*, from Hancock for Portland.
Constitution, *w*, (At Tremont, Me.)
Betsey Ames, *sc*, (Off White Head, Me.)
Vicksburg, *sc*, from New York for Boston.
Baltic, *a*, from Bangor, for Pawtucket.
Jesse L. Leach, *w*, from New York for Charles-ton.

(FISHING VESSELS.)

D. C. Smith, <i>w</i> .	Phibsburg, <i>w</i> .
Helen Eliza, <i>w</i> .	Spray, <i>w</i> .
Eleanor, <i>w</i> .	Mary Elizabeth, <i>w</i> .
Eliza Abby, <i>w</i> .	Maine, <i>w</i> .
Potomac, <i>w</i> .	Yankee Lass, <i>m</i> .
Star of the Sea, <i>m</i> .	Yankee Girl, <i>w</i> .
Alabama, <i>w</i> .	Izaak Walton, <i>sc</i> .
Monitor, <i>w</i> .	Fanny, <i>sc</i> .
Andes, <i>w*</i> .	

SLOOP.

Resolution, *w*, from Newport, R.I. for Wickford.

* Doubtful.

A Word to our Patrons.

We are in serious want of money to carry on the various operations of the Society, both in this and foreign countries.

It is not our custom to make special appeals, but the present exigencies are such, that we venture in this way to say to the friends of the sailor who have always stood by us with a helping hand, that we must immediately have more means at command or begin to curtail our work.

Just now, new and important places for labor are presenting themselves, and we are called upon to aid in supporting good men ready to enter and occupy them in the Master's name.

What shall we do? Will you have us at this time recall and dismiss our Chaplains and Missionaries, and halt in our most useful library work?

We ask you to consider our need, and for His sake who died for the sailor, enable us by your generous response, to go on in the work before us, gathering "the abundance of the sea," and through converted seamen, spreading the word throughout the world.

Receipts for September, 1869.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.		
Claremont, Cong. ch.	\$27 00	
Meth. Epis. ch.	7 75	
Gilson, of which \$15 for lib'y.	25 40	
Hanover, Cong. ch.	25 32	
Dea. Geo. Pillsbury const. himself		
L. M.	30 40	
VERMONT.		
Brandon, a little girl.	25	
Georgia, Cong. ch. add'l.	1 00	
Middlebury, do. do.	1 00	
Orwell, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.	15 43	
Waitsfield, Cong. ch. in part to const.		
Rev. J. M. Babbitt L. M.	13 40	
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Amherst, Rev. J. H. Bliss for lib'y.	15 00	
Ashland, Meth. Ep. ch.	23 70	
Athol, Cong. ch.	17 88	
Cambridgeport, Evang. Cong. ch.	60 15	
Chelsea, Mrs. Mary C. Brooks.	10 00	
Holliston	33 60	
Lowell, Appleton St. ch.	22 81	
Montague, Cong. ch., which with previous donation, const. Rev. Edward Norton L. M.	17 48	
North Bridgewater	35 00	
Randolph, 1st ch. of which \$30 for library and \$30 const. Mrs. Alice Montgomery L. M.	89 24	
Shelburne Center.	23 25	
South Deerfield.	35 94	
Upton, Friends, add'l.	5 16	
Weymouth, 1st Cong. ch. for lib'y.	15 00	
RHODE ISLAND.		
Providence, Central Cong. ch.	50 00	
CONNECTICUT.		
Bethel, Cong. ch.	6 78	
Branford, Cong. ch., bal. const. E. Davis L. M.	5 00	
Branford, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.	15 00	
Bridgeport, S. Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.	15 00	
Canton, Center Cong. ch. of wh. const. Miss E. R. Gridley L. M., \$30.	33 40	
Chester Cong. ch.	10 00	
Collinsville, Cong. ch.	48 19	
Essex, Cong. ch.	13 98	
Goshen, do. S. S. for lib'y.	31 00	
Edward Norton's Class.	15 00	
Mr. & Mrs. Thos. Griswold's class.	15 00	
Granby, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.	15 46	
Mrs. Philo. Virt's class "Little Soldiers" lib'y.	15 00	
Hartford, Estate Mrs. Mary Warburton, dec'd, by N. Shipman Ex., less Gov. tax.	1,200 00	
New Haven, Chapel St. Cong. ch.	93 07	
Saybrook, Cong. ch.	22 69	
Stratford, Gen. G. Loomis, U. S. A.	2 00	
Westbrook, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.	15 00	
West Winsted, Cong. ch., of which Mr. and Mrs. E. Beardsley & Willie J. Phelps, each \$15 lib'y.	89 97	
M. E. ch., Mrs. M. B. Codding const. herself L. M., in part.	11 11	
Windham, Cong. ch.	11 61	
Woodbury, A. W. Mitchell.	5 00	
NEW YORK.		
Albion, Esther Huntington, for lib'y.	15 00	
Bapt. ch.	44 45	
Ballston Center, Pres. ch.	19 00	
Ballston Spa, Rev. S. Mattoon.	3 25	
Beulah, U. Pres. ch.	17 73	
Caledonia, U. Pres. ch.	22 23	
Society of Friends.	4 35	
Camden, Union meeting.	27 75	
Caneseranga, M. E. ch.	5 85	
Catskill, 1st Ref. ch.	25 00	
Chile, Pres. ch. of which \$15 for lib'y.	19 64	
Chittenango, M. E. ch.	8 76	
Bapt. ch.	4 09	
Cortland, Bapt. ch. S. S. for lib'y.	15 31	
Coxsackie, 2nd Ref. ch. of which \$15 for lib'y.	30 41	
East New York, Ref. ch.	26 30	
Elmira, Miles Ayrault.	2 00	
Geddes, M. E. ch.	2 75	
Glen's Falls Pres. ch.	25 11	
Gouverneur, Pres. ch.	16 85	
Little Falls, Pres. ch.	54 24	
Morrisville, Bapt. ch.	5 80	
Mumford, Pres. ch.	5 46	
New York City, Madison square Pres. ch. of which E. D. Stanton, \$50; F. Stiles Ely, L. Newton Smith and T. Ketcham, each \$25, John F. Trow, \$15, D. H. Wickham, Thatcher M. Adams, J. R. Hills, each, \$15 lib'y.		
A. R. Wetmore, 10.	367 67	
John D. Dix.	100 00	
E. S. Jaffray.	100 00	
Jay Cooke & Co.	100 00	
Paul Spofford.	50 00	
Stewart Brown.	50 00	
Parker Handy.	20 00	
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Scovill Manufacturing Co.	15 00	
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C. B. Knevals.	10 00	
Bucklin Crane & Co.	10 00	
J. W. B.	10 00	
N. Y. Port Soc'y for pulp supply.	10 00	
Capt. J. R. Cowen, bark <i>Blomadin</i> .	5 00	
Capt. J. W. Look, bark <i>Eliza White</i> .	5 00	
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Wm. E. Curtis.	5 00	
Capt. Wm. Lanfare, bark <i>Lord Baltimore</i> .	2 50	
Capt. J. F. Scott, ship <i>Winifred</i> .	2 00	
New York Mills, M. E. ch.	3 85	
Owego, M. E. ch.	6 16	
Individuals.	6 00	
Peekskill, Pres. ch. S. S.	20 00	
Rochester, Plymouth ch. add'l.	4 00	
Rock Stream, Pres. ch. bal. for lib'y.	2 68	
Rye, Wm. P. Van Rensselaer.	25 00	
Scottsville, Pres. ch.	8 83	
Tarrytown, A. D. Archer, for library.	15 00	
Whitesboro, Bapt. ch.	7 40	
NEW JERSEY.		
Metuchen, Ref. ch. S. S. lib'y.	15 00	
Montclair, E. S. Pinney, with prev. donation const. himself L. M.	5 00	
Morristown, S. S. Missionary Society 1st Pres. ch. lib'y.	45 00	
Newark, Rev. Robert Campfield.	1 00	
South Park Pres. ch.	60 76	
Orange, Rev. W. Bradley, for lib'y.	15 00	
PENNSYLVANIA.		
Troy, M. E. ch.	10 60	
VIRGINIA.		
Alexandria, 2d Pres. ch. S. S. H. C. Staymaker's class for lib'y.	15 00	
OHIO.		
Amsterdam, Jas. Butcher.	1 00	
Bellbrook, Dan'l Holmes, \$6; Andrew Holmes, \$1; Jeremiah Gest, \$1.	8 00	
TURKEY.		
Marden, Miss J. C. Baker.	5 00	
		\$3,944 56
ERRATA. —In "Receipts for August" (Oct. Mag.),		
For	Read	
Rev. Francis Lewis,	Rev. Lewis Francis.	
Henry W. Barton,	Henry W. Barber.	
Rev. Walter Benton,	Rev. Walter Barton.	



November.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [1869.

THE FIRE FLY.

The mother of little six year old Ferdinand, was a poor widow. Her late husband was one of the best men in the village; and he had, by his industry, bought a little cottage with its garden, of a wealthy farmer for whom he worked. He was to pay a certain sum annually, till all was paid. This he had done till only two more payments remained. Soon after he died, the farmer died; and his son-in-law found the note for this cottage among the papers of the deceased, for the whole amount.—The payments had not been indorsed upon it. He knew nothing of its history: so he demanded the payment of the whole note of the poor widow; and, as she could not prove that anything had been paid, she was condemned to pay the whole sum. This she could not do, and tomorrow the property was to be sold, and she might be turned out of her home. As she thought of it, she began to sob violently.

Little Ferdinand, who had lain in her arms, nearly asleep, was roused by his mother's sobbing, and said, "Dear mother, do not weep. Don't you know what father said when he was dying there, in the bed? 'Don't weep so,' he said. 'God is the father of the widows and orphans. Call upon him in trouble. He will care for you.' Is not that what he said, and is it not true?"

"Yes, dear child," said his mother; "it is, indeed!"

"Well, then," said the little fellow, "why do you weep so much? Pray to the good God, and he will help you. Only begin, mother, and I will try to help you to ask him."

"Dear child, you are right," said the mother: and she clasped her hands; and raised her streaming eyes to heaven; and the boy clasped his little hands too, and looked heavenward. Then the mother began to pray, and the little one repeated every word after her. Suddenly he jumped up, and exclaimed in a loud voice, and with outstretched finger, "O mother, look there! What is that? There is a light floating about; there is a little star flying! Look! it is flying in at the window. Oh! look now: it is coming in. How bright it shines! Now it is on the floor! It is wonderful!"

"That is a fire fly, dear Ferdinand," said the mother. "By daylight, it looks like a common fly; but at night it has that beautiful brightness."

"May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it hurt me? and shall I be burned by the light?"

"It won't burn you," said the mother, smiling through her tears. "Take it up and look at it, it is one of the wonders of Almighty God."

The boy had now forgotten all his

grief, and was chasing the bright fire-fly, which flitted about, first under the table, then under a chair. But soon he called out in dismay, "Oh, dear! the bright little thing, just as I was stretching out my hand to take it, it hid itself under the great chest, near the wall." He looked under the chest. "Oh! I see it plainly," he said. "There it sits, close to the wall; but I can't reach it: my arm is too short."

The mother got up and moved the chest; and the boy took the fire-fly, and gazed on it as it lay in the palm of his hand.

But the mother had noticed something else. When she moved the chest, something which had stuck between the chest and the wall fell down upon the floor. As she took it up, she exclaimed, "O God! now, indeed, we are delivered in a moment out of all our trouble. This is last year's almanac, which I so long have searched for in vain. Now it will be found that your father paid the money which they demand from us. Who would have thought that the almanac would have got stuck behind that chest, which came to us with the cottage, and which has never been moved from its place?"

She lighted a candle at once, and with tears of joy looked through the almanac. It was clear enough from it how much her late husband had owed at the beginning of the year, and how much he had earned and paid off. At the end were a few lines in the old farmer's own handwriting: "On St. Martin's Day I settled with Johann Blum, and he only owes me now fifty florins."

The mother clasped her hands with joy, and cried out with delight,—

"O Ferdinand! thank the good God; for now we shall not have to go away: now we shall be allowed to remain in our dwelling."

"Is it so, indeed?" said the boy. "Then I have been the cause of it. If I had not begged you to move the chest, you would not have found the book. It might have stuck there for a hundred years."

The mother, quite overcome, was silent at first, and then said, "Oh! my child! God himself has done it.

I tremble when I think of it. Think, as we were both praying in our tears, the bright fire-fly came in, and kindled the light by which this hidden book was found. Yes, indeed, God directs every thing, even the very smallest matters. God's loving care watches over us. He does not need to send us a bright angel, for he can deliver by a tiny insect."

The next day the almanac was shown to the farmer's heir and the magistrate, who at once acknowledged the honesty of the poor widow, and said,—

"It was the finger of God. He is, indeed, the Father of the widows and orphans, and he is also their avenger." The heir gave her what was still due on the note, to make up for the sorrow he had caused her. "For," said he, "I now plainly see, that, whosoever trusts in God, he never forsakes."

Library Reports.

During the month of September, fifty-five libraries were sent to sea from the Society's Rooms, (80 Wall street), twenty-nine new and twenty-six refitted.

The following are reported, viz:

No. 847.—"Books read with interest." Gone to Lisbon on brig *Laura*.

No. 947.—Has been several voyages to West Indies; gone to Nassau on brig *Potosi*.

No. 1,617.—Has been a number of voyages to different ports. Books were read and appreciated; gone to Brunswick on schooner *Tantamount*.

No. 1,714.—Returned after several voyages to South America. Gone to Pensacola on schooner *L. Major*.

No. 1,807.—Has been two voyages to South America; "books were read with interest, two seamen greatly improved." Gone to Antwerp on bark *Sailor Prince*.

No. 1,808.—Has been several voyages to West Indies; gone coastwise on schooner *Pacific*.

No. 1,918. Has been two years a sea. Books read by different crews with profit; gone to Mobile on bark *C. V. Minott*.

No. 1,932.—Has been several voyages to Europe; gone to Texas on schooner *C. Woodhouse*.

No. 2,138.—Has been a number of voyages to West Indies; books have been read with interest; gone to Gibraltar on brig *Ramirez*.

No. 2,224.—Has been to various ports in the Pacific; books read with profit; gone to Pernambuco on brig *Lark*.

No. 2,303.—Just returned from East Indies; books read with interest; gone to St. Marys on brig *A. J. Ross*.

No. 2,317.—Has been to San Francisco and East Indies; books highly prized and were useful; gone to Gibraltar on bark *E. White*.

No. 2,333.—Books read with interest; gone to West Indies on brig *Helen*.

No. 2348.—Has been a voyage to San Francisco and Europe; books greatly appreciated; gone to Wilmington on schooner *A. L. Lockwood*.

No. 2,423.—Has been two voyages to South America. Books read with interest; gone to Buenos Ayres on bark *Arletta*.

No. 2,432.—Returned in good order; reshipped for Charleston on brig *M. M. Francis*.

No. 2,493.—Has been several voyages to Europe; gone to Galveston on schooner *B. F. Lovell*.

No. 2,587.—Has been to San Francisco and East Indies; books read with profit; gone to Havana on bark *J. Griffin*.

No. 2,595.—Returned from East Indies; books highly prized; gone to Havana on brig *G. Burham*.

No. 2,635.—Has been a number of voyages to West Indies; books read by officers and men with profit to all. Gone to Porto Rico on schooner *W. Dill*.

No. 2,656.—Returned after several voyages to South America; books prized; gone to Key West on brig *Samuel Welsh*.

No. 2,686.—Returned in good order; gone to Galveston on schooner *Sunbeam*.

No. 2,850.—Has been to San Francisco; very useful to officers and crew; gone to Barbadoes on bark *Gazelle*.

No. 2,986.—“Books read with interest.” Gone to Antwerp on bark *Chili*.

No. 3,020.—Returned in good order; gone to Havre on bark *Prowess*.

No. 2,557.

September 24th, 1869.

To the Seamen's Friend Society.

GENTLEMEN:—“The library that you put on board of my vessel, in May 1868, has been two voyages to South America, by way of Europe. It has been much read by the officers and crews, and no doubt has done much good on board. I heard no swearing amongst the crew on my last voyage of eight months. I wish you to send me another library, and would suggest that you send more German books than the last one had.

Please accept my thanks and two dollars and fifty cents.

Truly yours,

Capt. WM. LANFARE,
Bark Lord Baltimore.

A Compass to Steer by.

Life on the ocean is often a stormy life. Hail, rain, howling winds, thunder and lightning, and sometimes calm and sometimes sunshine,—this is a life on the ocean. In such a life what could a sailor do without a compass to steer by?

There is nothing perhaps he thinks of more when at sea, or looks upon while steering his ship. He hangs it in such a way that it can be seen at all times, night and day. By this little instrument he guides his ship over the sea, and into any port of the world he may desire to go to.—Without his compass the sailor would be in constant danger of sailing in the wrong direction.

This is the picture of many a one sailing on the sea of life. Especially so in regard to the youth who is trying to do something for himself. He meets with head winds, tempests and storms in, many ways. What can he do without a compass to steer by? Here he meets with opposition and discouragements. That is a strong head wind. Then his honor and honesty are put to the test—passion for amusements, shows and

theatres, rise like stormy winds. To gratify this desire he must spend his own money or that of some other person. This is a great trial, a fiery trial which must try him. These are sunken rocks and shoals on which many a dear youth has run his bark, and gone down to rise no more. How can a boy steer clear of these hidden rocks and sandbanks? This is the question. I remember reading a like question in a book many hundred years old. It read thus, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" and the answer is this, "By taking heed thereto according to thy word." *Thy word*; that is God's word, the precious Bible, "*God's holy book of truth*."—Many a youth leaves his quiet country home for city life, and finds a rough time of it. This reminds me of what an old and experienced tar said to a boy going to live in a city. "Well my boy," said he, "so you are going to try your fortune in the city? I tell you it is a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on." "Yes sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket, "but you see I have got a safe compass to steer by." "Stick to it! stick to it!" exclaimed the old sailor, and the enemy may blow hot or blow cold, he can't hurt so much as a hair of your head." This is the compass, boys, to steer by, the Bible, the holy Bible. Make it the man of your counsel and God will make it a lamp to your feet and a light to your path.—*Child's World*.

How Greenlanders Train their Children.

The following illustrates the rigor with which the Greenland boys are trained up:

"The father of Matthias was a stern Arctic parent, and brought up his son in the way he should go. When the dreaded southwest wind was driving the breakers high over the rocks at Cloushavn, he would place his son in the kayak (canoe) and throw him into the surf. The little fellow, with the double paddle in his hand, would watch his opportunity and right himself as he

descended, and then triumphantly paddle through the boiling sea to the little haven where the canoes land... People used to say to Matthias *pere*, 'You will drown your boy'; to which advice this sage hunter of seals and white whales replied; 'If the boy cannot right a kayak in a stormy sea he cannot kill a seal, and if he cannot kill a seal, he cannot live in Greenland, in which case he might just as well die.'

Dare to be Right.

"Dare to be right," dare to be true,
You have a work which no other can do;
Do it so kindly, so bravely, so well,
As to gladden all heaven, and silence all hell.

"Dare to be right," dare to be true,
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

"Dare to be right," dare to be true,
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

"Dare to be right," dare to be true,
Love may deny you its sunshine and dew;
Let the dew fall, for then showers 'li be given,
Dew is from earth, but the showers from heaven.

"Dare to be right," dare to be true,
God, who created you, cares for you too,
Bottles the tears which his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.

"Dare to be right," dare to be true,
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right?

"Dare to be right," dare to be true,
The sun may burn red, and the planets burn blue
God may turn back systems to chaos again,
But His promise forever is: "Yea, and Amen."

"Dare to be right," dare to be true,
Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue
The pathway by saints and seraphim trod—
The pathway that climbs to the city of God.

A Good Speech.

When the statute of George Peabody, recently erected in one of the thoroughfares of London, was unveiled, the sculptor, Story, was asked to speak. Twice he touched the statue with his hand, and said twice, "That is my speech! That is my speech!"

American Seamen's Friend Society.

HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., } Cor. Sec's.
S. H. HALL, D. D.

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A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-street, N. Y., and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

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" 2 Dover street, (colored).....	" " ".....	W. P. Powell.
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PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street.....	Penn. " ".....	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society.....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " ".....	James F. Stewart.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " ".....	Mrs. Crabbe.

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" 45 Oliver street.....	do Christ. Bowman.
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" cor. Commercial and Lewis streets..	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" E. T. Taylor.
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PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden street....	Providence Sea. Friend Soc'y,	" F. Southworth.
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Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated, April, 1833.

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